

A
COLLECTION
OF
P O E M S,

Principally consisting

OF

The most CELEBRATED PIECES

OF

Sir *Charles Hanbury Williams*,
KNIGHT of the BATH.

Carmina sola carent fato.——OVID.

L O N D O N:

Printed for LYNCH, near *Temple Bar*, in the
Strand, 1763.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

COLLECTION

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POEMS

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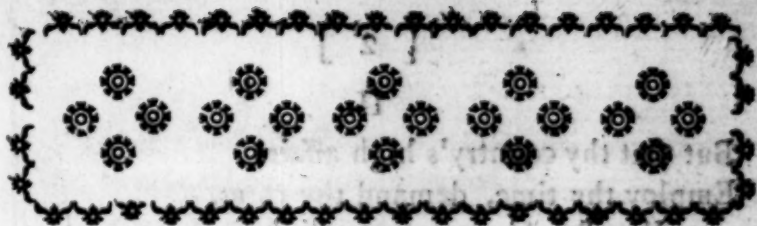
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A N
O D E

To the Right Honourable
STEPHEN POYNTZ, Esq; &c. &c.

By the Honourable
SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS, Kt. of the Bath.

*Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Possit*—————

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Relique cultus pectora roborant.*

Hor. Od. 4. Lib. 4.

I.

WHILST William's deeds and William's praise
Each English breast with transport raise,
Each English tongue employ;
Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart
Assumes not a superior part,
A larger share of joy?

B

II. But

II.

But that thy country's high affairs
Employ thy time, demand thy cares,
You shou'd renew your flight;
You only shou'd this theme pursue——
Who can for William feel like you;
Or who like you can write?

III.

Then to rehearse the Hero's praise,
To paint this sunshine of his days,
The pleasing task be mine——
To think on all thy cares o'erpaid,
To view the Hero you have made,
That pleasing part be thine.

IV.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
This youthful Prince's various worth,
You had the publick voice;
Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
To thee, the culture of his mind,
And England blest the choice.

V.

You taught him to be early known
By martial deeds of courage shewn:
From this, near Mona's flood,
By his victorious Father led,
He flesh'd his maiden sword, he shed,
And prov'd th' illustrious blood.

VI.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught,
 With happiness and glory fraught,
 How her unshaken pow'r
 Is independent of success;
 That no defeat can make it less,
 No conquest make it more.

VII.

This, after Tournay's fatal day,
 'Midst sorrow, cares, and dire dismay,
 Brought calm, and sure relief;
 He scrutiniz'd his noble heart,
 Found virtue had perform'd her part,
 And peaceful slept the chief.

VIII.

From thee he early learnt to feel
 The Patriot's warmth for England's weal;
 (True Valour's noblest spring)
 To vindicate her Church distressed;
 To fight for Liberty oppress'd;
 To perish for his King.

IX.

Yet say, if in thy fondest scope
 Of thought, you ever dar'd to hope
 That bounteous heav'n, so soon
 Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
 Consenting bend to ev'ry pray'r,
 And all thy wishes crown.

X.

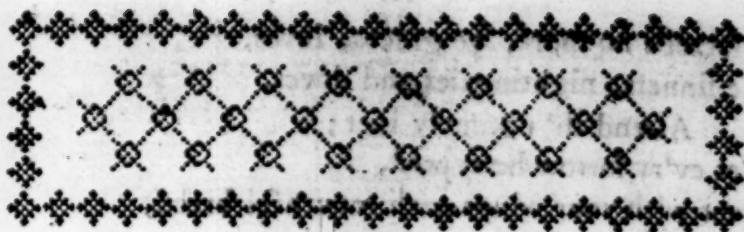
We saw a wretch, with trait'rous aid,
 Our King's and Church's right invade;
 And thine, fair Liberty!
 We saw thy Hero fly to war,
 Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
 And set the nations free.

XI.

Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
 My rapture, vision, and my dream,
 Gilds the young Hero's days :
 Yet can there be one English heart
 That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
 And own thy share of praise ?

XII.

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
 For life's short date : when William's head,
 For victories to come,
 The frequent laurel shall receive :
 Chaplets for thee our sons shall weave,
 And hang 'em on thy tomb.



O D E

ON THE

D E A T H

O F

M A T Z E L,

A FAVOURITE BULL-FINCH,

*Address'd to Mr. ST—PE, to whom the Author
had given the Reversion of it when he left DRES-
DEN.*

I.

TR Y not my St——e, 'tis in vain
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage ;
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

II.

II.

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,
 Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,
 Attend th' untimely bier;
 Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,
 Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
 And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
 By fell Grimalkin's claws he died——
 But vengeance shall have way:
 On pains and tortures I'll refine;
 Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,
 His nine will ill repay,

IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,
 Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join
 In thy funereal verse:
 My painful task shall be to write
 Th' eternal dirge which they indite,
 And hang it on thy hearse.

V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn.
 My bird, who never to return
 Is fled to happier shades,
 Where Lesbia shall for him prepare
 The place most charming, and most fair
 Of all th' Elysian glades.

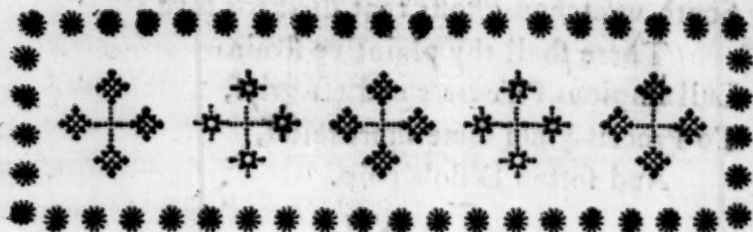
VI.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove
 Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love ;
 There shall thy plaintive strain
 Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
 To Procris yield some short relief,
 And soften Dido's pain.

VII.

Till Proserpine by chance shall hear
 Thy notes, and make thee all her care,
 And love thee with my love ;
 While each attendant's soul shall praise
 The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,
 And all his songs approve.





MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMA.

Lib. 6. Ep. 34. Imitated.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter sure never girl gave:
 But why in the midst of my blisses
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then pr'ythee my charmer be kind,
 For whilst I love thee above measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.
 Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;

Go number the stars in the heaven,
 Count how many sands on the shore,
 When so many kisses you've given
 I still shall be craving for more.
 To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 With my arms I'll for ever infold thee,
 And twist round thy limbs like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is ?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
 But the wretch that can number his kisses
 With few will be ever content.





A N

O D E

O N

Miss HARRIET HANBURY

At six Years old.

I.

WHY shou'd I thus employ my time,
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue ?
Why shou'd I search my brains for rhyme,
To sing those eyes of glossy blue ?

II.

The pow'r as yet is all in vain,
Thy num'rous charms, and various graces :
'They only serve to banish pain,
And light up joy in parents' faces,

III.

[11]

III.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel :
 Those charms their pow'rful sway shall find :
 Youth shall in crowds before you kneel,
 And own your empire o'er mankind.

IV.

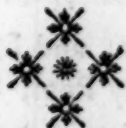
Then when on Beauty's throne you sit,
 And thousands court your wish'd-for arms :
 My muse shall stretch her utmost wit,
 To sing the victories of your charms.

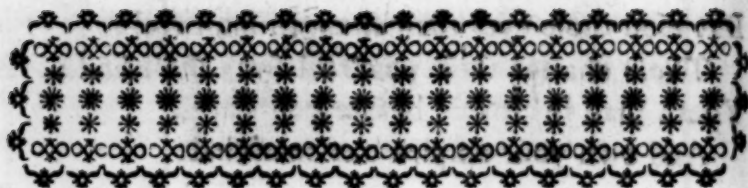
V.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,
 At least while verse like mine endures :
 And future Hanburys shall boast,
 Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.

VI.

A little vain we both may be,
 Since scarce another house can shew,
 A poet, that can sing like me ;
 A beauty, that can charm like you.





A
S O N G
U P O N
Miss HARRIET HANBURY,

Address'd to the Rev. Mr. BIRT.

I.

DEAR doctor of St. Mary's,
In the hundred of Bergavenny,
I've seen such a lass,
With a shape and a face,
As never was match'd by any.

II.

Such wit, such bloom, and such beauty,
Has this girl of Ponty Pool, Sir,
With eyes that wou'd make
The toughest heart ach,
And the wisest man a fool, Sir,

III.

III.

At our fair t'other day she appear'd, Sir,
And the Welchmen all flock'd and view'd her;
And all of them said,
She was fit to have been made
A wife for Owen Tudor,

IV.

They wou'd ne'er have been tir'd with gazing,
And so much her charms did please, Sir,
That all of them staid,
Till their ale grew dead,
And cold was their toasted cheese, Sir,

V.

How happy the lord of the manor,
That shall be of her possesst, Sir;
For all must agree,
Who my Harriet shall see,
She's a Harriet of the best, Sir,

VI.

Then pray make a ballad about her;
We know you have wit if you'd shew it,
Then don't be asham'd,
You can never be blam'd,
For a prophet is often a poet.

VII.

But why don't you make one yourself then?
I suppose I by you shall be told, Sir:
This beautiful piece,
Alas, is my niece;

And besides she's but five years old, Sir.

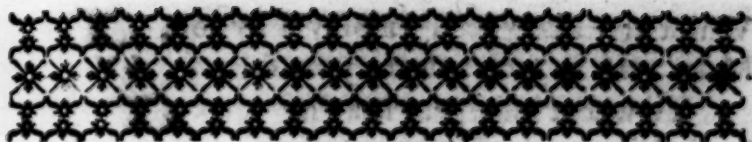
VIII.

VIII.

But tho', my dear friend, she's no older,
In her face it may plainly be seen, Sir,
That this angel at five,
Will, if she's alive,
Be a goddess at fifteen, Sir.



To



T O

Mr. GARNIER and Mr. PEARCE of BATH.

A grateful O D E,

*In return for the extraordinary Kindness and Humanity
they shewed to me and my elæst Daughter, now Lady
ESSEX, 1753.*

I.

WH A T glorious verse from love has sprung?
How well has indignation sung?
And can the gentle muse,
Whilst in her once belov'd abode
I stray, and suppliant kneel, an ode
To gratitude refuse.

II.

Garnier, my friend, accept this verse,
And thou receive, well natur'd Pearce,
All I can give of fame.
Let others, other subjects sing,
Some murd'rous chief, some tyrant king,
Humanity's my theme.

III.

III.

Whilst arts like yours, employ'd by you,
Make verse in such a theme your due,

To whom indulgent heav'n
Its fav'rite pow'r of doing good,
By you so rightly understood,
Judiciously has giv'n.

IV.

Behold, obedient to your pow'r,
Consuming fevers rage no more,
Nor chilling agues freeze;
The cripple dances void of pain,
The deaf in raptures hear again,
The blind transported sees.

V

Health at your call extends her wing,
Each healing plant, each friendly spring,
Its various pow'r discloses,
O'er death's approaches you prevail,
See Chloe's cheek, of late so pale,
Blooms with returning roses.

VI.

These gifts, my friends, which shine in you;
Are rare, yet to some chosen few
Heav'n has the same assign'd,
Health waits on Mead's prescription still,
And Hawkins' hand, and Ranby's skill,
Are blessings to mankind.

VII.

VII.

But hearts like yours are rare indeed,
 Which for another's wounds can bleed,
 Another's grief can feel ;
 The lover's fear, the parent's groan,
 Your nature's catch, and make your own,
 And share the pains you heal.

VIII.

But why to them, Hygeia, why
 Dost thou thy cordial drop deny
 Who but for others live ;
 Oh, goddess, hear my pray'r, and grant
 That these that health may never want,
 Which they to others give.



D

THE



T H E
C O U N T R Y G I R L ;
A N
O D E .

TH E country girl that's well inclin'd
To love, when the young 'squire grows kind,
Doubts between joy and ruin ;
Now will, and now will not comply,
To raptures now her pulse beats high,
And now she fears undoing.

But when the lover with his pray'rs,
His oaths, his sighs, his vows and tears,
Holds out the profer'd treasure ;
She quite forgets her fear and shame,
And quits her virtue, and good-name,
For profit mixt with pleasure.

So

So virtuous P——, who had long
By speech, by pamphlet, and by song,
Held Patriotism's steerage,
Yields to ambition mixt with gain,
A treasury gets for H——y V——e,
And for himself a peerage.

Tho' with joint lives and debts before,
H——y's estate was covered o'er,
This Irish place repairs it ;
Unless that story should be true,
That he receives but half his due,
And the new C——s shares it.

'Tis said, besides, that t'other H——y
Pays half the fees of secretary
To B——'s ennobled doxy ;
If so—good use of pow'r she makes,
The treasury of each kingdom takes,
And holds them both by proxy.

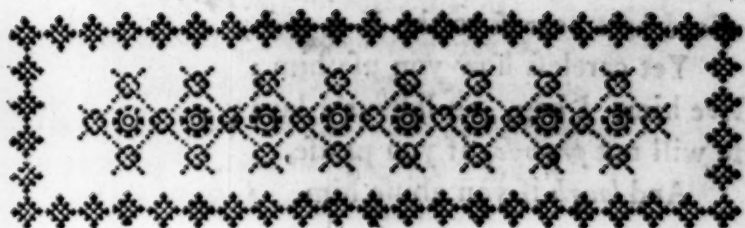
Whilst her dear L—d obeys his summons,
And leaves the noisy H——e of C——s,
Amongst the L—s to nod ;
Where, if he's better than of old,
His hands perhaps a stick may hold,
But never more a rod.

Unheard of, let him slumber there,
 As innocent as any p——r,
 As prompt for any job?
 For now he's popular no more,
 Has lost the power he had before,
 And his best friends, the Mob.

Their fav'rites shou'dn't soar so high,
 They fail him when too near the sky,
 Like Icarus's wings;
 And popularity is such,
 As still is ruin'd by the touch
 Of gracious giving kings.

Here then, O B——h! thy empire ends,
 A——le shall with his tory friends
 Soon better days restore;
 For Enoch's fate and thine are one,
 Like him *translated* thou art gone
 Ne'er to be heard of more.





A

New O D E

*To a great number of GREAT MEN, newly
made.*

Jam nova Progenies.

SEE, a new progeny descends
From heav'n, of Britain's truest friends.
Oh muse attend my call!
To one of these direct thy flight,
Or, to be sure that we are right,
Direct it to them all.

O Clio! these are golden times;
I shall get money for my rhymes,
And thou no more so tatter'd;
Make haste then, lead the way, begin,
For here are people just come in
Who never yet were flatter'd.

But

But first to C—r——t fain you'd sing ;

Indeed he's nearest to the K——,

Yet careless how you use him ;

Give him, I beg, no labour'd lays ;

He will not *promise*, if you praise,

And *laugh* if you abuse him.

Then (but there's a vast space betwixt)

The new made E. of B—h comes next,

Stiff in his popular pride :

His step, his gait, describe the man ;

They paint him better than I can,

Waddling from side to side.

Each hour a different face he wears,

Now in a fury, now in tears,

Now laughing, now in sorrow ;

Now he'll command, and now obey,

Bellows for liberty to-day,

And roars for pow'r to-morrow.

At noon the tories had him tight,

With staunchest Whigs he supp'd at night,

Each party try'd to've won him ;

But he himself did so divide,

Shuffled and cut from side to side,

That now both parties shun him.

See

See you old, dull, important lord,
Who at the long'd-for money-board

Sits first, but does not lead:

His younger brethern all things make;
So that the T——y's like a snake,

And the tail moves the head.

Why did ye cross God's good intent?

He made you for a pr—fi——t;

Back to that station go:

No longer act this farce of power,

We know you mis'd the thing before,

And have not got it now.

See valiant C——m, valorous S——r,

Britain's two thunderbolts of war,

Now strike my ravish'd eye:

But, oh! their strength and spirits flown,

They, like their conquering swords, are grown

Rusty with lying by.

Dear Bat, I'm glad you've got a place,

And since things thus have chang'd their face

You'll give opposing o'er:

'Tis comfortable to be in,

And think what a damn'd while you've been,

Like Peter, at the door.

See who comes next—I kiss thy hands,
 But not in flattery, S——l S—s;
 For since you are in power,
 That gives you knowledge, judgment, parts,
 The courtier's wiles, the statesman's Arts,
 Of which you'd none before.

When great impending dangers shook
 Its state, old Rome Dictators took
 Judiciously from plough :
 So they (but at a pinch thou knowest)
 To make the highest of the lowest,
 The exchequer gave to you.

When in your hands the seals you found,
 Did it not make your brains go round ?
 Did it not turn your head ?
 I fancy (but you hate a joke)
 You felt as Nell did when she 'woke
 In lady Loverule's bed.

See H—e V—e in pomp appear,
 And since he's made V—e T——r,
 Grown taller by some inches :
 See Tw—— follow C——t's call ;
 See Hanoverian G —— r, and all
 The black funeral F——s.

And

And see with that important face
 Beranger's clerk to take his place,
 Into the t——y come ;
 With pride and meanness act thy part,
 Thou look'st the very thing thou art,
 Thou Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

Oh my poor country ! is this all
 You've gain'd by the long-labour'd fall
 Of Wa——le and his tools ?
 He was a knave indeed — what then ?
 He'd parts—but this new set of men
 A'n't only knaves, but fools.

More changes, better times this isle
 Demands ; oh ! Chesterfield, Argyle,
 To bleeding Britain bring 'em :
 Unite all hearts, appease each storm,
 'Tis yours such actions to perform,
 My pride shall be to sing 'em.





A N

O D E,

Humbly inscribed to the Right Honour-
able W—— E—— of B——

*Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

*Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi :
Nec tibi somnos adimunt : amatque
Janua limen.*

Ec. Ec. Ec. HOR. Lib. I. Od. xxv.

GREAT E—— of B——, your reign is o'er ;
The Tories trust your word no more,
The whigs no longer fear ye ;
Your gates are seldom now unbarr'd,
No Crowds of coaches fill your yard,
And scarce a soul comes near ye.

Few

Few now aspire at your good graces,
 Scarce any sue to you for places,
 Or come with their petition,
 To tell how well they have deserv'd,
 How long, how steadily they starv'd,
 For you in opposition.

Expect to see that tribe no more,
 Since all mankind perceive that pow'r
 Is lodg'd in other hands :
 Sooner to C—t—t now they'll go,
 Or ev'n (though that's excessive low)
 To W——lm——n and S——s.

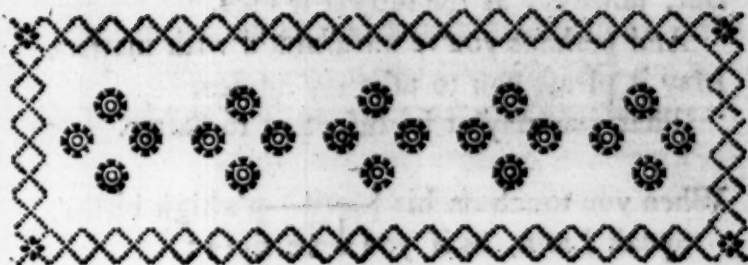
With your obedient wife retire,
 And sitting silent by the fire,
 A fullen *tete à tete*,
 Think over all you've done or said,
 And curse the hour that you were made
 Unprofitably great.

With Vapours there, and spleen o'ercast,
 Reflect on all your actions past,
 With sorrow and contrition ;
 And there enjoy the thoughts that rise
 From disappointed avarice,
 From frustrated ambition.

There soon you'll loudly, but in vain,
 Of your deserting friends complain,
 That visit you no more ;
 But in this country 'tis a truth,
 As known as that love follows youth,
 That friendship follows pow'r.

Such is the calm of your retreat !
 You through the dregs of life must sweat
 Beneath this heavy load ;
 And I'll attend you, as I've done,
 Only to help reflection on,
 With now and then an ode.





THE
STATES-MAN.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra, vel acri

Tibia fumes celebrare, Clio?

Quem deum? &c.

Hor. Lib. I. Ode xxi.

WHAT statesman, what hero, what king,
Whose name through the Island is spread,
Will you chuse, O my Clio, to sing,
Of all the great living or dead?

Go, my muse, from this place to Japan
In search of a topic for rhyme:
The great E— of B—h is the man,
Who deserves to employ your whole time.

But,

But, howe'er, as the subject is nice,
 And perhaps you're unfurnish'd with matter ;
 May it please you to take my advice,
 That you may'nt be suspected to flatter.

When you touch on his l——p's high birth,
 Speak Latin, as if you were tipsy :
 Say, we all are the sons of the earth,
Et genus non fecimus ipsi.

Proclaim him as rich as a Jew ;
 Yet attempt not to reckon his bounties.
 You may say, he is married ; that's true :
 Yet speak not a word of his c——fs.

Leave a blank here and there in each page,
 To enrol the fair deeds of his youth !
 When you mention the acts of his age,
 Leave a blank for his honour and truth !

Say, he made a great m——h change hands :
 He spake——and the minister fell.
 Say, he made a great statesman of S——ds ;
 (Oh that he had taught him to spell !)

'Then enlarge on his cunning and wit :
 Say, how he harangu'd at the *Fountain* :
 Say, how the old patriots were bit,
 And a mouse was produc'd by a mountain.

Then

Then say, how he mark'd the new year,
 By encreasing our taxes, and flocks :
 Then say, how he chang'd to a p—r,
 Fit companions for E——be and F—x.





A

New O D E.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Persuus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?*

HOR. Od. 5. Lib. 1.

WHAT (good L—d B—) prim patriot now,
With courtly graces woes thee?
And from St. Stephen's c——l to
The H——of L—ds pursues thee?

How gay and debonnair you're grown!
How pleas'd with what is past!
Your title has your judgment shewn,
And choice of friends your taste.

With

With sparkling wits to entertain
 Yourself and your good c——s,
 You've hit on sweet-lip'd H——y V——
 And high-bred H——y F——se.

But to direct the affairs of state,
 What geniuses you've taken !
 Their talents, like their virtues, great !
 Or all the world's mistaken.

The task was something hard, 'tis true,
 Which you had on your hands,
 So, to please P—— and people too,
 You wisely pitch'd on S——s.

O Britain ! never any thing
 Could so exactly hit you :
 His mien and manners charm'd the K——,
 His parts amaz'd the city.

But to make all things of a piece,
 And end as you begun ;
 To find a genius such as his,
 What was there to be done ?

O where—where were they to be found ?
 Such stars but rare appear !
 Dart not their rays on every ground,
 Gild ev'ry hemisphere.

F

But

But you with astronomick eyes,
Not Tycho Brahe's more true,
From far spy'd some bright orbs arise,
And brought them to our view.

Sir J—n's clear head and sense profound,
Blaz'd out in P——t ;
G——n, for eloquence renown'd,
To grace the c——t you sent.

To these congenial souls you join'd
Some more, as choice and proper,
Bright B—tle! darling of mankind!
Good L——k—— and sage H—r,

Such virtue and such wisdom shone,
In ev'ry chosen spirit!
All men at least this truth must own,
Your nice regard to merit !

What pray'rs and praise to you belong,
For this blest reformation!
Thou joy of ev'ry heart and tongue!
Thou saviour of the nation !

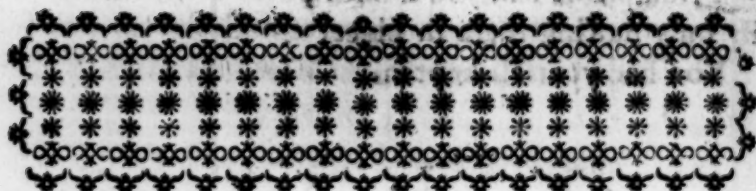
O W——le, W——le, blush for shame,
With all your tools around you !
Does not each glorious patriot-name,
Quite dazzle and confound you ?

Had

[35]

Had you fought out this patriot race,
Triumphant still you'd been ;
By only putting them in place,
You had yourself kept in.





A N

O D E

From the E—— of B—— to AMBITION.

Peccat ad extremum ridendus.

A WAY, Ambition, let me rest;
 All party-rage forsake my breast,
 And opposition cease.
 Arm me no more for future strife,
 Pity my poor remains of life,
 And give my age its peace.

I'm not the man you knew before,
 For I am P——y now no more,
 My titles hide my name.
 (Oh how I blush to own my case !)
 My dignity was my disgrace,
 And I was rais'd to shame.

To

To thee I sacrific'd my youth,
 Gave up my honour, friendship, truth,
 My k—— and c——nt——y's weal.
 For thee I finn'd against my reason,
 The daily lie, the weekly treason,
 Proclaim'd my blinded zeal.

For thee I ruin'd O——d's pow'r.
 Oh! had I well employ'd that hour,
 My reign had known no end:
 But then (Oh fool!) like Brutus, I
 Left able, pow'rful Antony,
 T' avenge his fallen friend.

He drives me to this abject state,
 And still he urges on my fate,
 And heaps my measure full:
 All O——d's wrongs are now repaid,
 I'm fall'n into the pit I made,
 And roar in my own bull.

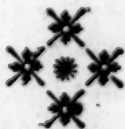
Leave me, and to great Varus go,
 On him resistless smiles bestow,
 Inflame his kindled heat:
 Display thy pow'r, thy temptings shew,
 Thy glorious height, the sunny brow,
 With all that charm and cheat.

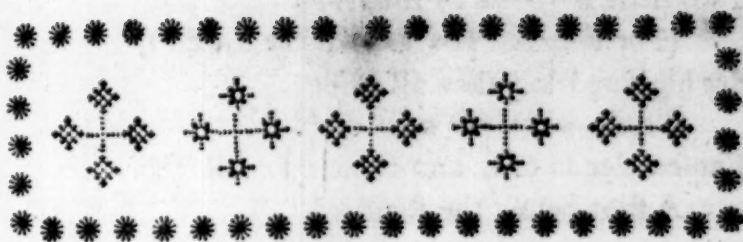
Varus,

Varus, on whom, while yet a child,
 You, goddess, favourably smil'd,
 And form'd him for your tool ;
 Bid him the path of Greatness try,
 Teach him to conquer or to die,
 To ruin, or to rule.

Here all my views of greatness cease,
 I only ask content and peace,
 Which I will never barter
 For all the gifts that you can show'r ;
 The pride of wealth, the pomp of pow'r,
 Employments, and a garter.

But at that word what thoughts return !
 Again I feel ambition burn,
 My dreams, my hopes obey ;
 There all my wishes crown'd I feel,
 Enjoy the ribband, treas'ry, seal,
 Which vanish with the day.





THE
HEROES:

A new BALLAD.

To the Tune of—Sally in our Alley.

OF all the jobbs that e'er have past
 Our house, since times of jobbing;
 Sure none was ever like the last,
 Ev'n in the days of Robin:
 For he himself had blush'd for shame
 At this polluted cluster,
 Of fifteen n--bles of great fame,
 All brib'd by one false muster.

Two

Two D—kes on horseback first appear,
 Both tall and of great prowess;
 Two little B--r--ns in the rear
 (For they're, you know, the lowest :)
 But high and low they all agree
 To do whatever man dar'd ;
 Those ne'er so tall, and those that fall
 A foot below the standard.

Three regiments one d--ke contents,
 With two more places, you know ;
 Since his B—th kn—ghts, his grace delights
In Tri-a junct' in U-ne.
 Now B--lt--n comes with beat of drums,
 Tho' fighting be his loathing ;
 He much dislikes both guns and pikes,
 But relishes the cloathing.

Next doth advance, defying France,
 A peer in wond'rous buffle ;
 With sword in hand he stout doth stand,
 And brags his name is R--ff-l :
 He'll beat the French from ev'ry trench,
 And blow them off the water ;
 By sea and land he doth command,
 And looks an errant otter.

But

But of this clan, there's not a man
 For bravery that can be,
 (Tho' An——r should make a stir,)
 Compar'd with M——s Gr——by:
 His sword and dress both well express
 His courage most exceeding;
 And by his hair, you'd almost swear
 He's valiant Charles of Sweden.

The next are H——t, Ha——x,
 And F——h, choice commanders!
 For these the nation we must tax,
 But ne'er send them to Flanders.
 Two corps of men do still remain,
 Earl Ch——ly's and earl B——ley's;
 The last, I hold, not quite so bold
 As formerly was Herc'les.

And now, dear G——r, thou man of pow'r,
 And comprehensive noddle;
 Tho' you've the gout, yet as you're stout,
 Why wa'n't you plac'd in saddle?
 Then you might ride to either side,
 Chuse which k—— you'd serve under;
 But, dear dragoon, change not too soon,
 For fear of th' other blunder.

G

This

This faithful band shall ever stand,
 Defend our faith's defender;
 Shall keep us free from popery,
 The French, and the pretender.
 Now God blefs all our m-n--try,
 May they the crown environ,
 To hold in chain whate'er p——e reign,
 And rule with links of iron.





A. N.

ODE.

Imitated from ODE XI. Book II.
of Horace.

From P---l F---y to N---s F---y, Esq;

Studiis florentem ignobilis otii. VIRG.

NEVER, dear Faz, torment thy brain
With idle fears of France or Spain,
Or any thing that's foreign :
What can Bavaria do to us ?
What Prussia's monarch, or the Rufs ?
Or ev'n prince Charles of Lorrain ?

Let us be chearful whilst we can,
And lengthen out the short-liv'd span,
Enjoying ev'ry hour.
The moon itself we see decay ;
Beauty's the worfe for ev'ry day,
And so's the sweetest flow'r.

How oft, dear Faz, have we been told,
 That Paul and Faz are both grown old,
 By young and wanton lasses !
 Then since our time is now so short,
 Let us enjoy the only sport
 Of tossing off our glasses.

From White's we'll move th' expensive scene,
 And steal away to Richmond Green ;
 There free from noise and riot,
 Polly each morn shall fill our tea,
 Spread bread and butter, and then we
 Each night get drunk in quiet.

Unless perchance earl L——r comes,
 As noisy as a dozen drums,
 And makes a horrid pother :
 Else might we quiet sit and quaff,
 And gently chat and gayly laugh
 At this, and that, and t'other.

Br——w shall settle what's to pay,
 Adjust accounts by Algebra,
 I'll always order dinner:
 Pr——w, tho' solemn, yet is sly,
 And leers at Poll with roguish eye,
 To make the girl a sinner.

Powell,

Powell, (d'ye hear,) let's have the ham,
Some chickens and a chine of lamb;

And what else——let's see——look ye,
Br——w must have his damn'd bouilli;
B——h fattens on his fricassée;
I'll have my water-suchy.

When dinner comes, we'll drink about,
(No matter who is in or out)

Till wine or sleep o'ertake us;
Each man may nod, or nap, or wink;
And when it is our turn to drink,
Our neighbour then shall wake us.

Thus let us live in soft retreat,
Nor envy nor despise the great;
Submit to pay our taxes;
With peace or war we'll be content,
Till eas'd by a good parliament,
Till S——pe's hand relaxes.

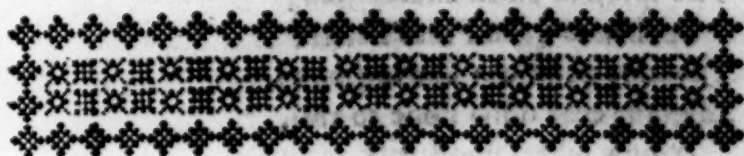
Never enquire about the Rhine,
But fill your glass and drink your wine,
Hope things may mend in Flanders.
The Dutch, we know, are good allies;
So are they all with subsidies;
And we have choice commanders.

Then

Then here's the king ; God bless his grace !
 Tho' neither you nor I have place,
 He has many a sage adviser ;
 And yet no treason sure's in this,
 Let who will take the pray'r amiss,
 God send them all much wiser ! *

- * This has been attributed to the Earl of Bath, but in the uncertainty of its belonging to Sir Charles, it is inserted here.





ORPHEUS and HECATE.

A N

O D E.

Inscribed to the Patroness of the Italian
Opera. To Lady B——.

Tantum Odiis, Iræque dabat——

——— *illa Sorores*

Nocte vocat genitas——

Met. lib. 43

WHEN Orpheus, as old poets tell,

Carry'd his music down to hell,

He fill'd the shades with joys ;

Alecto, and Tisiphone,

Megæra, with Brown Hecate,

Transported heard his voice.

And

And whilst he led the song divine,
The spectres all in chorus join;
Such was grim Pluto's will!
Tantalus quaff'd a flowing bowl,
Sisyphus ceas'd his stone to roll,
Ixion's wheel stood still.

His person, melody, and lyre
Set the infernal queen on fire,
Who courted him to stay;
But Pluto, to prevent all strife,
Order'd the poet, with his wife,
Back to the realms of day.

Joyful they speed for upper air;
When, to divide the happy pair,
Hecat' contriv'd a spell:
Now, now, she cry'd, in rapt'rous tone,
His harmony is all my own!
I'll make a heav'n in hell!

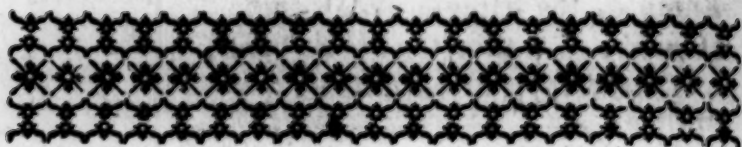
For me, and my Tartarean crew,
Endless the wanton song renew!
O ever touch the lyre!
But still the bard, in heav'nly lays,
Would sing his king's and maker's praise,
And kindle martial fire.

Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, the triple-headed dame.
 Howl'd; in a trice the Furies came,
 Threatning a dreadful fate:
 'Till Phœbus, with the tuneful Nine,
 And lovely Graces, all combine
 To shield him from their hate.

Thus fav'd from death, he shares the love
 Of men below, and blest above,
 The virtuous, brave, and wise;
 While every chaste, and pious mind,
 To vice averse, to good inclin'd,
 Must Hecat's name despise.





A
D——fs's G H O S T
T O

Orator H——R P——TT.

AS musing on his bed the Speaker lay,
Conning harangues for some important day;
Labouring to make the turns harmonious fall,
And to the taste attune 'em of Whitehall:
A sudden noise, career of fancy stops,
And a pale phiz within the curtains pops.
The phiz his opening eye no sooner meets,
Than quick he dives between th' unsavory sheets:
Not Proof against the visage of her grace,
Down sinks; ——till now, that *unembarrass'd* face.

The spectre thus: " No sooner laid my head,
" But all thy patriot sentiments are fled:
" And I in my atoning project chous'd,
" The latest and the best I e'er espous'd.

" To

“ To my trustees (since fate forbids to me,)
 “ Return, base v-l-n ! my retaining fee ;
 “ Bequeath'd to save that country thou woud'st sell.
 “ Refund——not such a Judas roars in hell.

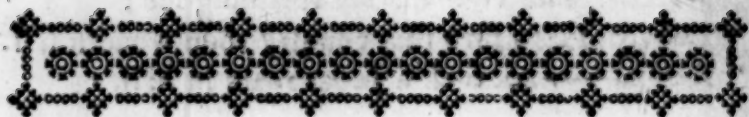
“ That soften'd thief, by sense of guilt dismay'd,
 “ Threw back the price of him he had betray'd ;
 “ But, wretch ! my purse in thy polluted paws
 “ Meant to support, thou turn'st to crush the cause;

“ Tho' lost on thee, yet hear these rules I teach :
 “ Usage like this wou'd make the devil preach.
 “ No weight to words can eloquence impart,
 “ Tho' ne'er so clear the head, if foul the heart :
 “ Men's words, the world will by their actions scan :
 “ The Orator must be the Honest man.
 “ No prostitute the generous bosom arms,
 “ The *Whore* peeps thro' the bloom, and blasts her
 “ charms.

“ Once with applause was heard thy flowing
 “ tongue,

“ And on its motions sweet persuasion hung :
 “ But now those lips (and thanks to Sarah's money)
 “ That in thy country's struggles drop down honey,
 “ Shall please no more ! (take my prophetick word)
 “ Nor all their flourishes be worth a t—d.

“ But see! the morning streaks the eastern sky :
 “ Now crows the scaring cock : from hence I hye, }
 “ And leave thee to the lash of lost integrity.



THE
UNEMBARASS'D COUNTENANCE,
A NEW BALLAD.

To the tune of *A Cobler there was*, &c. &c.

——— *Sume superbiam*
Quæsitam meritis. Hor.

Behold young Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his getting to his parts and merit.

POPE.

TO a certain old chapel well known in the town,
The inside quite rotten, the outside near down,
A fellow got in who could talk and could prate,
I'll tell you his story, and sing you his fate.

Derry down, &c.

At

At first he seem'd modest and wonderous wise,
He flatter'd all others in order to rise :
Till out of compassion he got a small place,
Then full on his master he turned his a—se.

Derry down, &c.

He bellow'd and roar'd at the troops of Hanover,
And swore they were rascals whoever went over :
That no man was honest who gave them a vote,
And all that were for 'em shou'd hang by the throat.

Derry down, &c.

He always affected to make the house ring
'Gainst Hanover troops and a Hanover k---g :
He applauded the way to keep Englishmen free,
By digging Hanover quite into the sea.

Derry down, &c.

By flaming so loudly he got him a name,
Tho' many believ'd it would cost him a shame :
But nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
An unfeeling heart, and a front unembarrass'd.

Derry down, &c.

When

When from an old woman, by standing his ground.
 He had got the possession of ten thousand pound,
 He said he car'd not what others might call him,
 He wou'd shew himself now the true son of Sir
 Balaam.

Derry down, &c.

Poor Harry, whom erst he had dirtily spatter'd,
 He now crouch'd and cring'd to, commended and
 flatter'd ;

Since honest men here were agham'd of his face,
 That in Ireland at least he might get him a place.

Derry down, &c.

But Harry resentful first bid him be hush,
 Then proclaim it aloud that he never cou'd blush ;
 Recant his invectives, and then in a trice
 He wou'd shew the best title to an Irish VICE.

Derry down, &c.

Young Balaam ne'er boggl'd, but turned his coat,
 Determin'd to share in whate'er cou'd be got
 Said, I scorn all those who cry impudent fellow,
 As my front is of brass, I'll be painted in yellow.

Derry down, &c.

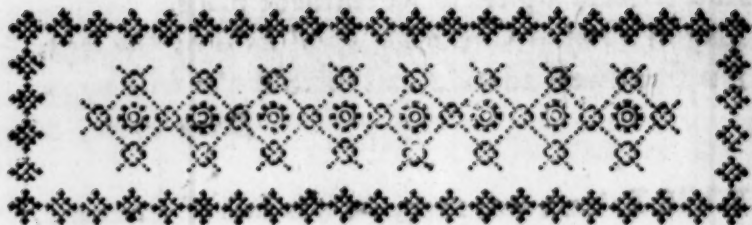
Since

Since yellow's the colour that best suits his face,
And Balaam aspires at an eminent place,
May he soon at Cheapside stand fix'd by the legs,
His front well adorn'd, all daub'd o'er with eggs.
Derry down, &c.

Whilst Balaam was poor, he was full of renown;
But now that he's rich, he's the jest of the town;
Then let all men learn by his foul disgrace,
That honesty's better by far than a place.
Derry down, &c.



SHORT



SHORT VERSES,

In Imitation of long Verses :

In an Epistle to W——m P——tt, Esq;

Naughty, prughty Jack-a-dandy. Namby Pamby.

Sic parvis componere magna solebam. VIRG.

SINCE one hath writ,
To thee, O P-tt!
Whom none can know,
If friend or foe;
Deign to smile on,
Lank Ly-tl-on:
For tho' his lays,
May squint two ways;
They're meant for praise.

}

Sir Bob to hang,
Thou didst harangue,
While he in joke,
The cornet broke.

But

But Hal now flatter'd,
 Then whipp'd, then spatter'd,
 With fear full fraught,
 Thy favour bought :
 The Patriot ends,
 And ye are friends,
 Like Cæsar He,
 As Tully was, to Thee.

- As when much tir'd,
 In roads bemir'd,
 Men see by night
 A fairy-light,
 Which they pursue
 With eager view ;
 In hope to win
 A friendly inn ;
 But by mistake,
 In some foul lake
 Surpriz'd they're flung,
 Of mud or dung,
 From whence the Meteor sprung.
 So far'd the crew,
 Who follow'd *you* :

}

Or as a maid,
 On back first laid,
 By dire mishap
 She gains a c—p :

Such was your case,
 Scarce warm in place,
 Defil'd all o'er,
 An errant whore,
 You chang'd your stile,
 Thou turn-coat vile.

What, still refrain
 From long-sought gain ?
 Still to entice
 A higher price ?
 No, no, my P-tt !
 Once near being bit,
 Did not the band
 Their k—g withstand ;
 And bring him low,
 As king cou'd go ?
 Tho' France did threat
 The royal feat ;
 Tho' rebels dire
 Spread sword and fire ;
 Careless of all
 That could befall
 The crown or realm,
 They quit the helm ;
 Cabal, combine,
 Revile, resign ;

One,

One, one and all,
 From London Wall,
 To P--m cock-crower of Whitehall. }

Then go, my boy !
 No more be coy,
 Go, force your way
 To c—rt for play !
 Nor fear for shame
 Should now reclaim ;
 Courtier or patriot, thou art still the same. }

Our col'nels all
 For the loud call,
 By *all* I mean
 The great *fourteen* ;
 Like thee large-soul'd,
 Despising gold.
 These never ran
 From Preston's-Pan,
 Nor did they yield
 Base Falkirk's field ;
 Far, far from both,
 To fight full loth,
 They will not go
 To lye in snow,
 Till William's blade
 Hath got thy tongue for aid.

1 2

Hibernia,

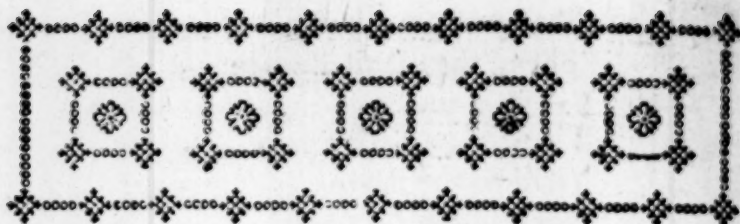
Hibernia, smile!
 Thrice happy isle!
 On thy blest ground,
 Twelve thousand pound,
 For Stân--pe's found;
 Three thousand clear,
 For P-tt, a year,
 So shalt thou thrive,
 Industrious hive;
 While these and more
 Increase thy store.
 Thrice envy'd land!
 Reserv'd to pay Britannia's patriot band,

Sunk in the West,
 As in the East;
 For all allow
 Thou art sunk now;
 Yet soon, when near
 The royal ear,
 Thou with such things
 Shalt sooth our k—gs,
 As gain'd huzzas,
 Of loud applause,
 From Syd—am glad,
 And Ca—w mad;
 Then shall for war
 The Dutch declare.

Then.

Then we the Rufs
 Shall meet and buf.
 Then, then fhall France
 Fall in a trance.
 Then, then fhall Spain
 Yield to thy ftain.
 None, from that hour,
 Shall envy power,
 In high degree
 Of Majefty,
 When P-tt a minifter fhall be,





A N

O D E,

To the Honourable H—y F—x,
on the Marriage of the Du—s of
M——R to H—s—y, Esq;

C L I O, behold this charming day,
The zephyrs blow, the sun looks gay,
The sky one perfect blue;
Can you refuse at such a time,
When F—x and I both beg for rhyme,
To sing us something new?

'The goddess smil'd, and thus begun:
I've got a pleasing theme, my son,
I'll sing the conquer'd D——s;
I'll sing of that disdainful fair,
Who, scap'd from Scotch and English snare,
Is fast in Irish clutches.

Sun

Sunk is her pow'r, her sway is o'er,
 She'll be no more ador'd, no more
 Shine forth the public care.
 Oh! what a falling-off is here,
 From her whose frowns made wisdom fear,
 Whose scorn begot despair!

Wide was th' extent of her commands,
 O'er fertile fields, o' r barren lands
 She stretch'd her haughty reign:
 The coxcomb, fool, and man of sense,
 Youth, manhood; age, and impotence
 With pride receiv'd her chain.

Here L—c—t—r offer'd brutal love,
 Here gentle C--b-r-y gently strove
 With sighs to fan desire;
 Here C—h--l snor'd his hours away,
 Here drowsy S--n -pe every day
 Sat out her Gr—'s fire.

Here constant B--t—n too we saw
 Kneeling with reverential awe,
 T'adore his high flown choice;
 Where you my F-x, have sigh'd whole days,
 Forgetting kings and peoples praise,
 Deaf to ambition's voice.—

What

What cloaths you made! how fine you dress!

What Dresden china for her feast! —

But I'll no longer tease you;

Yet 'tis a truth you can't deny,

Tho' lady C-r-l-e is nigh,

And does not look quite easy.

But careful heaven design'd her grace

For one of the Milesian race,

On stronger parts depending;

Nature indeed denies them sense,

But gives them legs and impudence,

That beats all understanding.

Which to accomplish, H--ff--y came,

Op'ning before the noble dame

His honourable trenches;

Nor of rebukes nor frowns afraid,

He push'd his way (he knew his trade,)

And won the place by inches.

Look down, St. Patrick, with success,

Like H--ff--y's all the Irish bless,

May they all do as he does;

And still preserve their breed the same,

Cast in his mould, made in his frame,

To comfort English widows.



A N

O D E

Addressed to the Author of the CON-
QUERED DUCHESS. In Answer to that
Celebrated Performance.

WHAT clamour's here about a dame,
Who, for her pleasure, barter fame !
As if 'twere strange or new,
That ladies shou'd themselves disgrace,
Or one of the Milesian race
A widow shou'd pursue.

She's better, sure, than S—d—m—e,
Who, while a Duchess, play'd the wh—re,
As all the world has heard :
Wiser than lady H—r—t too,
Whose foolish match made such a do,
And ruin'd her and B—rd.

K

Yet

Yet she is gay as lady V—ne,
 Who, should she list her am'rous train,
 Might fairly man a fleet ;
 Sprightly as Or—f—d's countess, she,
 And as the wanton T—wn--f—d free,
 And more than both, discreet.

For she had patience first to wed
 Before she took the man to bed ;
 And can you say that's bad ?
 Like Diomede's, your arrows rove ;
 Like him you wound the Queen of Love,
 And may like him run mad.

There was, Sir Knight, there was a time,
 If you invok'd your muse for rhyme,
 That all the world stood gazing ;
 You sung us then of folks that fold
 Themselves and country too for gold,
 Or something as amazing :

How S—ds, in sense, in person queer,
 Jump'd from a patriot to a peer,
 No mortal yet knows why ;
 How P—t—y truck'd the fairest fame
 For a Right Honourable name
 To call his vixen by.

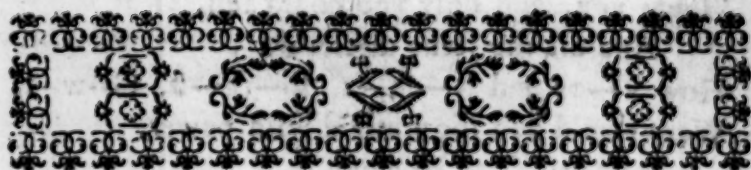
How

How C—— rose, when W-l-p-le fell,
 'Twas you, and only you could tell,
 And all the scene disclos'd :
 How V—ne and R—sh—t, B—th—ft, G--w--r,
 Were curs'd and stigmatiz'd with power,
 And rais'd, to be expos'd.

To heights like these your muse should fly,
 To others leave the middle sky,
 Whose wings are weak and flaggy ;
 Leave these to some young Foppington,
 Who takes your leavings, W-ff-g-ton,
 And tunes his odes to Peggy.

For you, who know the sex so well,
 Must own that women most excell
 When ruling, or when rul'd.
 While young, they others lead astray ;
 When old, they ev'ry call obey,
 Still fooling, or befool'd.

Scheme upon scheme must still succeed,
 They ev'ry coxcomb's tale must heed,
 Until their brains grow muzzy ;
 And then by one false step 'tis seen,
 How slight the difference is between
 The Duchefs and the Hussey.



T A R - W A T E R,
A B A L L A D,

Inscribed to the Right Honourable
PHILIP Earl of Chesterfield.

S I N C E good master Prior,
The Tar-water 'squire,
Without being counted to blame,
Vulgar patrons has scorn'd,
And his treatise adorn'd
With the lustre of CHESTERFIELD'S name.

Great Mécænas of arts!
And of all men of parts,
(Tho' they're not much the growth of this time)
I hope 'twill be meet
To lay at your feet
The same lofty subject in rhyme.

Then

'Then come, let us sing !

Death, a fig for thy sting !

I think we shall serve thee a trick ;

For the bishop of Cloyne

Has at last laid a mine,

That will blow up both Thee and Old Nick.

Have but faith in his treatise,

Tho' you've stone, diabetes,

Gout, or fever, tar-water's specifick ;

If you're costive, 'twill work ;

If you purge, 'tis a cork ;

And, if old, it will make you prolifick.

All ye fair ones, who lie sick,

Leave off doctors and physick,

Tar-water will cure all your ails ;

Have you rheums or defluctions,

Or whims, or obstructions,

It will set right your heads, and your tails.

See, each tall slender maid

Now lifts up her head,

Like a beautiful fir on the mountain !

While salubrious flow,

From a fissure below,

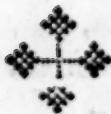
The streams of a turpentine fountain.

Each

Each Nymph from afar
Is so scented with tar,
That, unless they're permitted to feel,
All the devils in hell
(So alike is the smell)
Can't know a ——— from a cart-wheel.

Great physician of state !
(Tho' call'd in so late
To a truly well-meant consultation)
In this fever of war,
Like the spirit of tar,
Thy skill must preserve this poor nation.

Tho' now quite exhausted,
Her vitals all wasted,
She's as meagre, and weak as a lath ;
Yet we hope, that thy art
Will recover each part,
Without the assistance of B A T H.





A N
O D E.

T O T H E

Honourable PHILIP Y--KE, *Esq;*

Imitated from HORACE, Ode XVI. Book II.

By Loane Smyth Esq

FOR quiet, Y—ke, the Sailor crys,
When gath'ring storms obscure the skies,
The stars no more appearing:
The Candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas,
Of blest electioneering.

Who thinks that from the Sp—k—r's chair
The sergeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wond'rously mistaken.
Alas! he is not half so blest,
As those who've liberty and rest,
And dine on beans and bacon.

Why

Why should we then to London run,
 And quit our chearful country sun,
 For bus'ness, dirt, and smoke !
 Can we, by changing place and air,
 Ourselves get rid of, or our care ?
 In troth, 'tis all a joke.

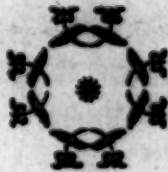
Care climbs proud ships of might'est force,
 And mounts behind the gen'ral's horse,
 Outstrips Hussars and Pandours :
 Far swifter than the flying hind,
 Swifter than clouds before the wind,
 Or C—PE before th' Highlanders.

A man, when once he's safely chose,
 Should laugh at all his threat'ning foes,
 Nor think of future evil.
 Eath good has its attendant ill ;
 A seat is no bad thing—but still
 Elections are the devil.

Its gifts, with hand impartial, heaven
 Divides—To ORFORD it was given,
 To die in full-blown glory ;
 Go B—TH, indeed, a longer life,
 But tho' he lives—'tis with his wife,
 And shun'd by Whig and Tory.

The Gods to you with bounteous hand,
Have granted seats, and parks and land;
Brocades and filk you wear;
With claret and ragoûts you treat;
Six neighing steeds with nimble feet,
Whirl on your gilded car.

To me they've given a small retreat,
Good port, and mutton (best of meat)
With broad-cloth on my shoulders;
A soul that scorns a dirty job,
Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob;
I mean——that an't freeholders.



F I N I S.

The Gods to you with bounteous hand,
 Have granted tears, and pangs and land;
 Broaches and fill you wear;
 With claret and tobacco you treat;
 Six neighing steeds with nimble feet,
 Whirl on your gilded car.

To me they shall return,
 Good port and all of mead;
 With food and household;
 A soul that I love,
 Loves a good man, and has a mob;
 I mean—that is a household.

